

Had witchcraft in't; he grew into his Seat,
And to such wondrous doing brought his Horse,
As had he beene encorps't and demy-Natur'd
With the braue Beast, so farre he past my thought,
That I in forgery of shapes and trickes,
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman was't?

Kim. A Norman.

Laer. Vpon my life *Lamound.*

Kim. The very same.

Laer. I know him well, he is the Brooch indeed,
And Iemme of all our Nation.

Kim. Hee mad confession of you,
And gaue you such a Masterly report,
For Art and exercise in your defence;
And for your Rapier most especially,
That he cryed out, 'twould be a sight indeed,
If one could match you Sir, This report of his
Did *Hamlet* so envenom with his Enuy,
That he could nothing doe but wish and begge,
Your sodaine comming ore to play with him;
Now out of this.

Laer. Why out of this, my Lord?

Kim. *Laertes* was your Father deare to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why aske you this?

Kim. Nor that I thinke you did not loue your Father,
But that I know Loue is begun by Time:
And that I see in passages of prooffe,
Time qualifys the sparke and fire of it:
Hamlet comes backe: what would you vndertake,
To show your selfe your Fathers sonne indeed,
More then in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i'th' Church.

Kim. No place indeed should murder Sancturize;
Reuenge should haue no bounds: but good *Laertes*
Will you doe this, keepe close within your Chamber,
Hamlet return'd, shall know you are come home:
Wee'l put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gaue you, bring you in fine together,
And wager on your heads, he being remisse,
Most generous, and free from all contriuing,
Will not peruse the Foiles? So that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choofe
A Sword vnbaied, and in a passe of practice,
Requit him for your Father.

Laer. I will doo't,

And for that purpose Ile annoint my Sword:
I bought an Vnction of a Mountebanke
So mortall, I but dipt a knife in it,
Where it drawes blood, no Cataplasme so rare,
Collected from all Simples that haue Vertue
Vnder the Moone, can saue the thing from death,
That is but scratcht withall: Ile touch my point,
With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

Kim. Let's further thinke of this,
Weigh what conuenience both of time and meanes
May fit vs to our shape, if this should faile;
And that our drift looke through our bad performance,
'Twere better not affaid; therefore this Project
Should haue a backe or second, that might hold,
If this should blaine in prooffe: Soft, let me see
Wee'l make a solemne wager on your commings;

I hat: when in your motion you are hot and dry,
As make your bowts more violent to the end,
And that he calls for drinke; Ile haue prepar'd him
A Chalice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there; how sweet *Queene*,

Enter Queene.

Queen. One woe doth tread vpon anothers heele,
So fast they'll follow: your Sister's drown'd *Laertes*.

Laer. Drown'd! O where?

Queen. There is a Willow growes aslant a Brooke,
That shewes his hore leaues in the glassie streame:
There with fantastick Garlands did she come,
Of Crow-flowers, Nettles, Dayfies, and long Purples,
That liberrall Shepheards giue a grosser name;
But our cold Maids doe Dead Mens Fingers call them:
There on the pendant boughes, her Coronet weeds
Clambring to hang; an eniuous flouer broke,
When downe the weedy Trophies, and her selfe,
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her clothes spred wide,
And Mermaid-like, a while they bore her vp,
Which time she chaunted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her owne distresse,
Or like a creature Natieue, and indued
Vnto that Element: but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heavy with her drinke,
Pul'd the poore wretch from her melodious buy,
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas then, is she drown'd?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou poore *Ophelia*,
And therefore I forbid my teares; but yet
It is our trick, Nature her custome holds,
Let shame say what it will; when these are gone
The woman will be out: Adue my Lord,
I haue a speech of fire, thataine would blaze,
But that this folly doubts it. *Exit.*

Kim. Let's follow, *Gertrude*.

How much I had to doe to calme his rage?
Now feare I this will giue it start againe;
Therefore let's follow. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Clownes.

Clown. Is she to bee buried in Christian buriall, that
wilfully seekes her owne saluation?

Other. I tell thee she is, and therefore make her Graue
straight, the Crouner hath fate on her, and finds it Chri-
stian buriall.

Clow. How can that be, vlesse she drowned her selfe in
her owne defence?

Other. Why 'tis found so.

Clow. It must be *Se offendendo*, it cannot bee else: for
heere lies the point; If I drown my selfe wittingly, it ar-
gues an Act: and an Act hath three branches. It is an
Act to doe and to performe; argall she drown'd her selfe
wittingly.

Other. Nay but heare you Goodman Deluer.

Clown. Giue me leaue; heere lies the water; good:
heere stands the man; good: If the man goe to this wa-
ter and drowne himselfe; it is will he nill he, he goes;
marke you that? But if the water come to him & drowne
him; hee drownes not himselfe. Argall, hee that is not
guilty of his owne death, shortens not his owne life.

Other. But is this law?

Clow. I marry is't, Crouners Quest Law.

Other.

Other. Will you ha the truth on't: if this had not
been a Gentlewoman, shee should haue beene buried
out of Christian Buriall.

Clow. Why there thou say'st. And the more pittie that
great folke should haue countenance in this world to
drowne or hang themselves; more then their euen Christi-
an.
Other. Come, my Spade; there is no ancient Gentlemen,
but Gardiners, Ditchers and Graue-makers; they hold vp
Adams Profession.

Other. Was he a Gentleman?

Clow. He was the first that euer bore Armes.

Other. Why he had none.

Clow. What, art't a Heathen? how dost thou vnder-
stand the Scripture? the Scripture sayes *Adam* dig'd;
could hee digge without Armes? He put another que-
stion to thee; if thou answerest me not to the purpose, con-
fesse thy selfe.

Other. Go too.

Clow. What is he that builds stronger then either the
Mason, the Shipwright, or the Carpenter?

Other. The Gallowes maker; for that Frame outliues a
thousand Tenants.

Clow. I like thy wit well in good faith, the Gallowes
does well; but how does it well? it does well to those
that doe ill: now, thou dost ill to say the Gallowes is
built stronger then the Church: Argall, the Gallowes
may doe well to thee. Toot againe, Come.

Other. Who builds stronger then a Mason, a Ship-
wright, or a Carpenter?

Clow. I, tell me that, and vnyoake.

Other. Marry, now I can tell.

Clow. Toot.

Other. Maffe, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio a farre off.

Clow. Cudgell thy braines no more about it; for your
dull Ass will not mend his pace with beating; and when
you are ask't this question next, say a Graue-maker: the
Houles that he makes, lasts till Doomsday: go, get thee
to *Yanaghan*, fetch me a stoupe of Liquor.

Sings.

In youth when I did lone, did lone,

me thought it was very sweete:

To contract O the time for a my behout,

O me thought there was nothing meete.

Ham. Ha's this fellow no feeling of his businesse, that
he sings at Graue-making?

Hor. Custome hath made it in him a property of ca-
sinesse.

Ham. 'Tis ee'n so; the hand of little Imployment hath
the daintier sense.

Clowne sings.

But Age with his stealing steps

hath caught me in his clutch:

And hath shipped me intill the Land,

as if I had neuer bene such.

Ham. That Scull had a tongue in it, and could sing
once: how the knaue iowles it to th' grownd, as if it
were *Caines* law-bone, that did the first murder: It
might be the Part of a Politician which this Ass'e of Of-
fices: one that could circumuent God; might it not?

Hor. It might, my Lord.

Ham. Or of a Courtier, which could say, Good Mor-
row sweet Lord: how dost thou, good Lord? this
might be my Lord such a one, that prais'd my Lord such
a ones Horse, when he meant to begge it; might it not?

Hor. I, my Lord.

Ham. Why ee'n so: and now my Lady Wormes,
Chaplesse, and knockt about the Mazard with a Sexcons
Spade; heere's fine Revolution, if wee had the tricke to
see't. Did these bones colt no more the breeding, but
to play at Loggets with 'em? mine ake to thinke
on't.

Clowne sings.

A Pickhaxe and a Spade, a Spade,

for and a shrowding-Sheete:

O a Pit of Clay for to be made,

for such a Guest is meete.

Ham. There's another: why might not that bee the
Scull of of a Lawyer? where be his Quiddits now? his
Quillits? his Cases? his Tenures, and his Tricks? why
doe's he suffer this rude knaue now to knocke him about
the Sconce with a dirty Shouell, and will not tell him of
his Action of Battery? hum. This fellow might be in's
time a great buyer of Land, with his Statutes, his Recog-
nizances, his Fines, his double Vouchers, his Recoueries:
Is this the fine of his Fines, and the recovery of his Reco-
ueries, to haue his fine Pace full of fine Dirt? will his
Vouchers vouch him no more of his Purchases, and dou-
ble ones too, then the length and breadth of a paire of
Indentures? the very Conueyances of his Lands will
hardly lye in this Boxe; and must the inheritor himselfe
haue no more? ha?

Hor. Not a iot more, my Lord.

Ham. Is not Parchment made of Sheep-skinnes?

Hor. I my Lord, and of Calue-skinnes too.

Ham. They are Sheepe and Calues that seek out assu-
rance in that. I will speake to this fellow: whose Graue's
this Sir?

Clow. Mine Sir:

O a Pit of Clay for to be made,

for such a Guest is meete.

Ham. I thinke it be thine indeed: for thou liest in't.

Clow. You lye out on't Sir, and therefore it is not yours:
for my part, I doe not lye in't; and yee it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lye in't, to be in't and say 'tis thine:
'tis for the dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou
lyest.

Clow. 'Tis a quicke lye Sir, 'twill away againe from me
to you.

Ham. What man dost thou digge it for?

Clow. For no man Sir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clow. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clow. One that was a woman Sir; but rest her Soule,
shee's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knaue is? wee must speake
by the Carde, or equiuocation will vndoe vs: by the
Lord *Horatio*, these three yeares I haue taken note of it,
the Age is growne so pick'd; that the toe of the Peasant
comes so neere the heeles of our Courtier, hee galls his
Kibe. How long hast thou been a Graue-maker?

Clow. Of all the dayes i'th' yeare, I came too't that day
that our last King *Hamlet* o'recame *Fortinbras*.

Ham. How long is that since?

Clow. Cannot you tell that? euerie foole can tell that:
It was the very day, that young *Hamlet* was borne, hee
that was mad, and sent into England.

Ham. I marry, why was he sent into England?

Clow. Why, because he was mad; hee shall recouer his
wits there; or if he do not, it's no great matter there.

Ham.